7:Bolinder T-5 (1920, 1955) 1957
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known of his clan. The road across the hills was bad, and at times we had to dismount and walk. Now and again we met Indians; the well-to-do leading their riding-mules, the poor followed by half-naked women carrying loads. The men carried lots of arrows. The road was reputed unsafe. The leader of each such company received a little tobacco. We heard that they were all coming from the funeral, which evidently was one of importance and would last quite a while yet. Our companion, the rich Indian, said that he expected to reach the house of mourning in six days. He thought that we ought to go there too, but the place lay a good distance off our route and we had had our fill of Indian feasts for the time being.

Francisco had travelled with Father Crispin and knew the district. He advised us to halt for the night early in an Indian rancho ringed with a stout cactus palisade, where friendly people lived. We could have gone farther, and the Indians with us who were going to the funeral carried on, but then, according to Francisco, they would not have been welcome at the rancho. We never learned the ins and outs of the Indians' friendships and enmities.

At the rancho we bartered a piece of raw sugar against a sheep. Both our pack and riding animals were already tired. They had had far too little fodder and the water was salt. The Indians were up before cock-crow, as always, and we let them get the mules ready. If we could just get to Castilletes, they should have fodder and decent water: we needed provisions ourselves. But what about the sheep, asks the attentive reader. That went the same evening we bought it, our hosts partaking of it as heartily as our own people. It went, offal, guts and all. When nothing but the bones were left, these were split and the marrow sucked out. Then the women gathered up the remains for broth. That sheep cost the equivalent of fourpence-halfpenny. Our means were limited, but at such prices we could at least afford to feed our men. The difficulty was in getting hold of things to eat. The Indians know how to tighten their belts and are prepared to starve for a while, if need be, but they must have a blow-out now and again.